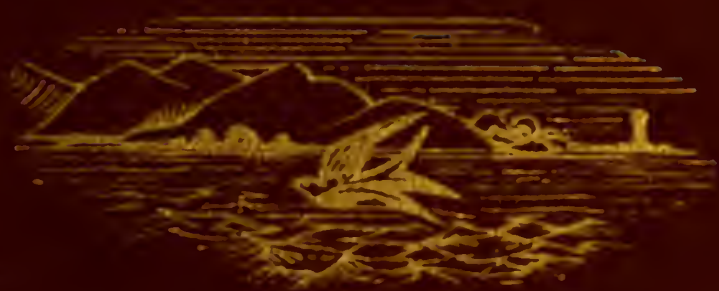




WALLOW FLIGHTS OF SONG



HARRIET McEWEN KIDBALL

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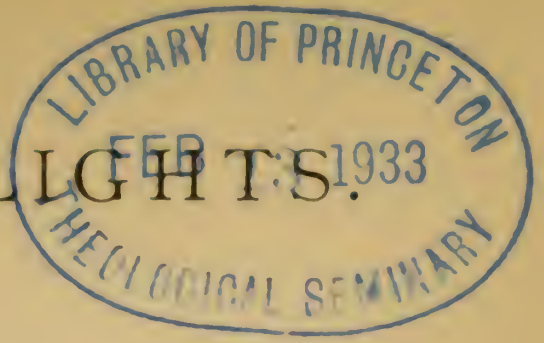
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SWALLOW-FLIGHTS.



BY

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

TENNYSON.



NEW YORK:
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY.

713 BROADWAY.

1874.

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CONTENTS.

I.

	PAGE
THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS	1
IN SPRING-TIME	2
BRIDE AND SAINT	4
SUMMER-TIME	5
INCOGNITA	7
THE SINGER	8
THE MORNING CHAMBER	9
JUNE SONGS	11
I. Caprice	11
II. Faithlessness	11
III. Constancy	12
IV. Petition	13
V. Expectancy	13
SONG	15
IN REVERIE	16
SONG	17
WHITE AZALEAS	18
SONG	19
SWEET-PEAS	20
MIDSUMMER MORNING	23
DAY-DREAMING	24
THE LAST APPEAL	25

	PAGE
DAY-LILIES	26
MY WISH	29
THE CRICKETS	30
TO A SLEEPING CHILD	31
THE HOME AMONG THE HILLS	32
NOTHING TO DO	34
DIFFERENCE	36
HELIOTROPE	37
THE COAT	40
THE FAIRY TAPER	41
SONG	43
A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN	44
TO THE BLUE GENTIAN	45
THE LOVELY SLEEPER	47
IN AUTUMN	48
VIVE LA REINE	53
GOOD NEWS	54
ROSE AND THORN	56

II.

WOMAN	59
ABRAHAM LINCOLN	62

III.

ALL IN ALL	67
QUICKEN THOU ME	69
THE DIVINE LOVE	70
AS THOU WILT	72
GOD'S SILENCE	73
"PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL"	75

CONTENTS.

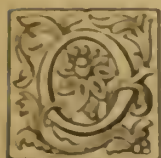
V

	PAGE
IN THE GARDEN	77
HID WITH CHRIST	80
THE LOWEST PLACE	82
THE MONK OF LA TRAPPE	83
PASS LIGHTLY EARTH	86
THE NIGHT-WATCH	88
THE FEAST-TIME OF THE YEAR	90
A LITTLE CHRISTMAS SERMON	92
IMMANUEL	99
MARY MOTHER	96
THE NATIVITY	100
THE HOLY CHILD	105
HYMNS FOR LENT	107
EASTER-EVEN VIOLETS	109
EASTER CAROL	111
EASTER DAY	113
THE COMMON OFFERING	116
"LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE"	117
IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS	118
A PRAYER FOR PATIENCE	120
A PSALM OF WEARINESS	122
A MORNING HYMN	123
"IT IS I"	124
A GROUP BY TWILIGHT	129
THE UNSPOKEN PRAYER	128
A VIGIL	129
WHEN I AWAKE	130

1.



THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.



WISE little birds, how do ye know
The way to go,
Southward and northward, to and fro?

Far up in the ether pipèd they :

“We but obey
One who calleth us far away.

“He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here ;
Ever He maketh the way appear.”

Dear little birds ! He calleth me
Who calleth ye ;
Would that I might as trusting be !

IN SPRING-TIME.



ALL rosy-white the orchard shows,
All blossom-sweet the west wind blows,
And sights and scents together bring
To yearning hearts the joy of Spring.

Through sunny vapors streams the sun,
And lights and showers blend in one ;
The fragrant rain through fragrance falls,
And grape-vines bud on sheltering walls.

Out-warbling from his generous throat,
The golden robin's golden note
Calls to the lily and the rose
Still greenly hid in leafy close.

Hills capt with silence, as with snow,
Catch laughter faint of brooks below.
With starry dandelions gay
The meadows mimic night by day.

Dim-cloistered in the odorous wood,
A shadow-loving sisterhood,
The wild flowers that the sun forswear,
Are pale as pious nuns with prayer.

Like one refreshed by balmy sleep,
Her inmost bosom warm and deep
A-throb with beauty yet unborn,
Earth breathes away the blissful morn.

From sunny nooks that dream of bloom
To where gray moss o'ergrows the tomb,
Floats everywhere that precious breath —
The Life that ever conquers Death.

This is the joy of Spring, indeed ;
The witness glad to Word and Creed ;
The lovely Parable of Earth
That pointeth to Immortal Birth !

BRIDE AND SAINT.



THEY should be silver bells that ring,
Lovely one, for thy wedding ;
Silver bells the bells should be
That ring for thee.

They should be bells of purest gold,
Sweet saint, for thy passing tolled ;
Golden bells the bells should be
That toll for thee.

SUMMER-TIME.



UMMER'S breath has kissed the lovely
bloom

From the apple trees :

Out of flower-cups, dripping with perfume,
Sip the honey-bees.

Where the vines are strung with roses red
Dart the humming-birds ;
Winds, like lovers, in the boughs o'erhead,
Whisper tender words.

Clover-crested are the waves of grass
Where the little feet
Frolic, deep in coolness, as I pass
From the sunny street.

When, at eve, o'er field and fen and brake
Misty curtains fall,
Fire-flies, in their meteor dances, make
Nightly Carnival.

In the dark I watch the happy sight,
Thinking oft of thee :
As the twinkling fire-flies to the night,
Are those thoughts to me !

INCOGNITA.



EILED in verse, who knows
Whether I smile or weep?
Slippered in fancies, who can tell
What measure of step I keep?

Lift the veil, dear Love !

To thee I will show my face ;
Hark, and thine ear shall surely hear
My heart's inaudible pace !

THE SINGER.



HE sits and sings in the room below,
A tender ballad of love and woe,
Wedded to music plaintive and slow.

And who would dream that her heart is gay,
While she singeth so sad a lay ---
Seeming to pour her soul away ?

Why not ? She doeth her heart no wrong ;
Lips joy-laden the whole day long
Well can afford to sorrow in song !

So keep her, Heaven ! nor let her know
Other sighings than those that flow,
Rhythmic, through ballads of love and woe.

THE MORNING CHAMBER.

I.



HIS flower-like chamber, delicately-walled,
Of softest tints, low-ceilèd, wide and fair.
Where pensive meditations seem installed
Like cloistered nuns long-motionless in prayer ;
This lovely chamber, looking south and east
Across green seas of rippling foliage dense,
Whose waiting windows catch the first and least
Soft glimmer from that heavenly chamber whence
The sun rejoicing cometh ; this sweet room,
While folded yet in slumbers incomplete
The whole fair house beside lies wrapt in gloom —
This morning chamber, high above the street,
Day's silent glory floods and overflows
With golden calm that crowns the night's repose.

II.

High noon ! and fuller floods of sunshine pour
Into this shining chamber, till it seems—

The very hidden rafters, secret beams —
To swim in splendor! I but cross the floor
And I forget 'tis Winter, keen as clear.

To the swift eyes of mine imagining
Wide stand the windows, and the breath of Spring,
Sweet courier of the violets, is here.
I half resolve to hie me out and see
How like a tiny army they possess
The earth — the violets, with their loveliness,
When, of a sudden, breaks my reverie!
But the warm flood fills all the chamber yet,
And, ere it ebbs, I *will again forget!*

III.

Fair as the peace that like a river flows,
Across the room the cloudless moonlight streams;
Recess and corner dusk its hallowing beams
Suffuse with mist-like glimmer of repose.
So hushed this chamber, and so rapt this tide
Of visible calm, that blessed visions rise
Of the Great City of Peace beyond the skies —
Of crystal waters that perpetual glide
From out the Throne, swift light descending light,
Forever and forever, with a sound
Of inconceivable music, music-drowned
In rain of benediction from the might
And majesty of ONE enthroned above —
The Light of Light, whose Name of Names is LOVE!

JUNE SONGS.

I.

CAPRICE.



THE rose is dead in my Lady's bower ;
The love is dead in my Lady's heart !
The rose was only a summer flower,
Born to die in a summer hour —
To yield its life to the passionate shower
That tore its radiant leaves apart.

The rose-tree will blossom again, I know,
But what care I for to-morrow's flower ?
Some idle wind will capriciously blow ;
The rain's wild feet will trample it ; O
Pluck it who will ! for myself I go
And leave the rose in my Lady's bower !

II.

FAITHLESSNESS.

O light and many thy words ;
O well were they earnest and few !

O sweet and false are thy words ;
 O well were they bitter and true !

Take back the pledge I have worn —
 The red, red rose in my breast !
 Alas ! could I pluck out the thorn
 That tortures this heart of unrest !

III.

CONSTANCY.

I rifled a leaf from the heart of a rose : —
 Believe ! believe !
 Though love comes lightly, not lightly it goes ;
 It steals through our veins and our youth's white
 flower
 Blossoms in crimson from that hour ;
 Life of our life, it cannot deceive !
 I love thee, I love thee, believe !

O fancies are fitful as breezes that blow —
 Believe ! believe !
 They come to us lightly, more lightly they go ;
 Diviner than duty, and stronger than will,
 Love, the sweet mystery, rules me still ;
 Tyranny tender, it cannot deceive ;
 I love thee, I love thee, believe !

IV.

PETITION.

Only the roses will hear ;
 Dear,
Only the roses will see !
This once — just this !
Ah, the roses I wis
 They envy me !

Here is a half-blown spray ;
 Say,
This shall Love's anadem be !
A rose-strung wreath
For thy brow, and beneath
 A rose for me !

V.

EXPECTANCY.

Summer, rain me a rain of rose-leaves ;
 Only on rose-leaves she shall tread !
Summer, rain me a rain of rose-leaves
 Over the banquet Love hath spread.

Never Orient feast so splendid,
 Viands so costly, wines so rare ;

Never showers of bloom descended
Veiling a princess half so fair !

Summer, make her a couch of roses,
Pillows of rose-leaves lightly prest ;
Odors sweet when my Love reposes
Dreamily drifting round her rest !

Come, Belovèd, the feast awaits thee ;
Cruelly traitor moments flee !
Is it sorrow or joy belates thee ?
Heedest thou ought unshared by me !

Coming ! O rapture more than mortal !
Softly the gates of bliss uncloset ;
Silence, guarding the sacred portal,
Wears in her breast the symbol rose !

SONG.



COME with the birds in the spring,
Thou whose voice rivalet their ;
Come with the flowers and bring
Sweet shame to their bloom unawares !

Come, — but O how can I wait !
Come through the snows of to-day !
Come, and the gray earth elate
Shall leap for thy sake into May !

IN REVERIE.



IN the West the weary Day
Folds its amber wings and dies!
Night, the long-delaying Night,
Walks abroad in starry guise.

Rest more precious than a sleep,
Silence sweeter than a dream —
These enfold me as I float,
Idle waif on idle stream !

In the rippling trees I hear
Flowing waves and dipping oars ;
And belovèd voices near
Seem to steal from fading shores :

Fainter — fainter — fainter still !
By no breath of passion crossed,
With the tide I drift and glide
Out to sea. . . . and all is lost !

SONG.



BLUE sky! do you care
That I am sick and sad?
That I should miss forever the bliss
I might have had?

Little cloud, float on,
And somewhere drop your tears;
One brief hour weep as I must weep
Through friendless years!

Through friendless years, unless —
O blue sky! would you care
If you should miss a face like this
Some morning fair?

The little cloud spreads wide,
The tender rains descend,
And now I weep to know that I keep
In heaven a friend!

WHITE AZALEAS.



AZALEAS — whitest of white !
White as the drifted snow
Fresh-fallen out of the night,
Before the coming glow
Tinges the morning light ;
When the light is like the snow,
White,
And the silence is like the light ;
Light, and silence, and snow, —
All — white !

White ! not a hint
Of the creamy tint
A rose will hold,
The whitest rose, in its inmost fold ;
Not a possible blush ;
White as an embodied hush ;
A very rapture of white ;
A wedlock of silence and light.
White, white as the wonder undefiled
Of Eve just wakened in Paradise ;
Nay, white as the angel of a child
That looks into God's own eyes !

SONG.



THE wind blows out of the west,
The wind is merry and free ;
It brings fair weather for us, love,
Fair weather for thee and me.

The sun shines out of the east,
And dances over the sea ;
The world's a-glitter for us, love,
A-glitter for thee and me.

And now the world's a-dusk,
The nest unstirred on the tree ;
The fair moon hangs at its full, love,
And shineth for thee and me.

SWEET-PEAS.



WEET-Peas ! Sweet-Peas !
The very sweetest of all sweet things
Airily poised, like butterfly-wings,
On the slender stem.
And now they brood in a still delight ;
And anon, as the light wind touches them,
They tremble and flutter, as feigning flight,
In coyness — not affright.
And, lest they fly,
The tricksy Zephyr passes by
With a little moan of make-believe,
And pretends to die
Among the cherry trees !
They only smile — they will not grieve,
The gay and shy
Sweet-Peas !

Sweet-Peas ! Sweet-Peas !
The very sweetest of all sweet things !
Perfect pink and perfect white ;
Exhaling a perfume so rare, so pure,

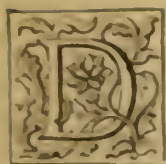
It ceaseth never to allure,
Nor faileth ever to satisfy :
Like a breath of immortality ;
Like a hint of youth unspent for aye ;
Of love Ah, well-a-day !
Say, ye sweetest of all sweet things,
 Sweet-Peas,
What are ye likest ? — what like ye ?
The dream of Beauty, the wonder that clings
 To snowy-lidded Innocence —
 These mystic nebulae
 (Souls of flowers to be),
 Lightly drifted hence,
And, mingling, straightway they became
 Visible in pink and white,
 In dainty-delicate forms like these,
And gat themselves a name ;
Dew-christened in laver of morning light,
 “ Sweet-Peas ! ”

Sweet-Peas ! Sweet-Peas !
Here is a handful for her to wear
Who is sweet like them, and more stately-fair.
Lie nosegay of blushes mid snows of lace,
And match the bloom of her maiden face
When cometh her own sweetheart to share
The posy modest and debonair,

Whose dear bestowal shall bring him ease
And sweet assurances,
Dispelling sweet anxieties,
Sweet-Peas !

And will ye have a sweetheart, too,
Sweet-Peas, Sweet-Peas ?
Then here 's Zephyr come back to woo,
If you please !
Nay, but Zephyr is a flirt !
Make again your wingèd threat
Till in very truth he fret —
What 's the hurt ? —
And die among the cherry trees
For love of you,
Sweet-Peas !

MIDSUMMER MORNING.



DAY rises veiled in amber mists
That swathe the hill and shroud the
plain ;

And in the breathless air, unstirred,
The trees are dripping as with rain.

Like tents along the emerald sward,
Pitched by the fairies of the night,
In the wet grass ephemeral webs
Are scattered, gleaming silver white.

Dew-drenched the flowers ; the heavy vines
Hang from the wall, or trail the ground ;
And lifeless seems the garden-place,
So lately filled with murmurous sound.

But slowly, slowly lifts the mist —
From heaven's blue face it curls away ;
And through the trembling, glistening leaves
The glorious sunbeams flame and play !

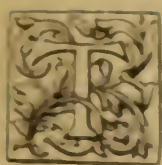
DAY-DREAMING.



HOW better am I
Than a butterfly ?
Here, as the noiseless hours go by,
Hour by hour,
I cling to my fancy's half-blown flower :
Over its sweetness I brood and brood,
And scarcely stir, though sounds intrude
That would trouble and fret another mood
Less divine
Than mine !

Who cares for the bees !
I will take my ease,
Dream and dream as long as I please ;
Hour by hour,
With love-wings fanning my sweet, sweet flower !
Gather your honey, and hoard your gold,
Through spring and summer, and hive through cold !
I will cling to my flower till it is mould,
Breathe one sigh
And die !

THE LAST APPEAL.



THE room is swept and garnished for thy
sake ;

The table spread with Love's most liberal
cheer ;

The fire is blazing brightly on the hearth ;

Faith lingers yet to give thee welcome here.

When wilt thou come ?

Daily I weave the airy web of hope —

Frail as the spider's, wrought with beads of dew —

That, like Penelope's, each night undone,

Each morn in patience I begin anew.

When wilt thou come ?

Not yet? To-morrow Faith will take her flight,

The fire die out, the banquet disappear ;

Forever will these fingers drop the web,

And only desolation wait thee here.

O come to-day !

DAY-LILIES.



SUMMER day,
Delay ! delay !
One waving of thy brooding
wing,
One stirring of thy hazy wing,
And noontide light and heat
Will find my dewy shadow-lair,
And burn the coolness from the grasses
That swathe my feet
In rank and billowy masses ;
And to this claustral twilight bring
The sun's profanest glare.

O summer day,
Delay ! delay !
Let naked hill and bare brown field
Parch in thy torrid ray,
So this dim nook be unrevealed,
Where I,
Deliciously concealed,
Among the lilies lie.

The delicate Day-lilies !
The white and wonderful lilies !
My dark green haunt so still is
The wildest birdling dare not sing,
Nor insect beat a gossamer wing,
Nor zephyr lift the lightest thing, —
Here, where the lustrous lilies,
The clear, resplendent lilies,
Pour out their heavenly-sweet perfume,
And with their snowiness,
In clusters chaste, illumine
This dusk recess.

Soft-footed Silence, royal nun !
In this thy humid, emerald cell
Forever dwell !
These flowers supernal ever shine,
Pure-flamed, before thy virgin shrine !
Here, one by one,
Tell o'er thy glistening, roral beads, —
A rosary strung on tangled weeds,
And blades and stems that intertwist.
The breath of lilies be thy prayers,
Sweet-odored, wafted unawares
Up through the morning's lucent airs
And evening's pallid mist !
The glittering stars shall o'er thee pass,

Deep-pillowed in the heavy grass ;
These broad, smooth lily-leaves shall be
A glossy coverlet for thee,
Thy prayers and penance done,
O royal nun !
By day or night,
In dark or light,
Thy fragrant shrine shall be the same ;
These slender tapers lambent still,
Nor blazing sun, nor mildew chill,
Shall quench their alabaster flame.

A gleam, as of a crystal wand !
And Day peers in with curious face ;
The jealous sunshine, stealing round,
Doth warily chase
The cool, dank shadows on the ground ;
The cloister-walls no longer stand ;
A garish glory fills the space,
And lights the lush grass, loose and long ;
And startled by the wild bird's song,
Soft-footed Silence flees apace ;
But still serene the lilies shine,
Pure-flamed, before her ruined shrine !

MY WISH.



THE wish I wished was dream-fulfilled,
And when I woke I could not bear
To find the phantasy of sleep
Had vanished in the morning air.

I rose and slew it with a vow : —

“ Vain wish, I ’ll cherish thee no more ! ”

I flung it in Oblivion’s stream

And saw it drifting from the shore.

Still the dark waves that rolled away

Tossed back its plaintive moan to me,

As up from Hebrus rose the wail,

“ Eurydice ! Eurydice ! ”

THE CRICKETS.



PIPE, little minstrels of the waning year,
In gentle concert pipe !
Pipe the warm noons ; the mellow har-
vest near ;
The apples dropping ripe ;

The tempered sunshine, and the softened shade ;
The trill of lonely bird ;
The sweet sad hush on Nature's gladness laid ;
The sounds through silence heard !

Pipe tenderly the passing of the year ;
The summer's brief reprieve ;
The dry husk rustling round the yellow ear ;
The chill of dawn and eve !

Pipe the untroubled trouble of the year ;
Pipe low the painless pain ;
Pipe your unceasing melancholy cheer ;
The year is in the wane !

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.



NOT thus, O joyous child, repose,
With crossed hands on thy baby breast,
Pathetic attitude of those
Who wake not, stir not from their rest !

With dimpled arm thy head surround,
Like as a bird with bonny wing ;
Sure as a bird at morn to bound
From this thy nest, and, bird-like, sing !

THE HOME AMONG THE HILLS.



Midway between these towering hills
One lonely human dwelling ;
The circling acres, culture swept,
Its little history telling !

On either hand the meadow land
Makes fair the mountain spaces
With golden reach of buttercups
And silver drift of daisies.

Behind, the massive forest wall ;
Before, the river running ;
And close about the little cot
The signs of human cunning :

The signs so homely and so sweet
That draw us to each other,
And make the daily life of man
Familiar to his brother.

We know the hand at early morn
That cottage hearth-fire kindling ;

We watched the dropping of this corn ;
We wait its purple spindling !

A part have we in all the toils
Of these our mountain neighbors ;
A portion in the precious gain
Heaven winnows from their labors.

We taste their trials, share their feasts,
And, with a passing wonder,
We linger even while we go,
Their choice, their lot to ponder.

Amid the grandeur and the gloom
On every hand abiding,
A flower of human blossoming
This little home is hiding.

What tender wind of Providence
The small seed hither drifted,
Where yet these shadows vast may fall
On village spires uplifted ?

Less awful seem those hills august,
Less lone the valley's glooming,
Since in this wilderness the rose
Of human life is blooming !

NOTHING TO DO.



STRIP of snowiest linen

Half-broidered and stamped in blue,
And the gleam of a threadless needle

Piercing the pattern through :
The needle is ready, yet the sweet little lady
Sits sighing for something to do.

Heaped on the table beside her

Blossoms of every hue ;

Delicate, odorous roses —

The rarest that ever grew :

The vase stands ready while the sweet little lady
Sits wishing for something to do.

Half hid under flowers a volume

In daintiest gold and blue,

Just parted, as if it would open

At “ The Miller’s Daughter ” for you :

The book lies ready, yet the sweet little lady
Sits sighing for something to do.

A silent harp in the corner,
And melodies old and new
Scattered in pretty disorder —
Songs of the false and the true ;
The harp stands ready — still the sweet little lady
Sits longing for something to do.

A sudden wind-sweep and flutter —
The door wide open blew ;
A step in the hall, and swiftly,
Like a bird, to the threshold she flew :
Blushing, already the sweet little lady
Forgets she has nothing to do !

DIFFERENCE.



HERE are sorrowful eyes that seldom weep ;
Hearts that in speechless patience keep
Vigils of anguish while seeming to sleep.

There are yearning eyes that a thought may fill ;
Hearts that cry out against their will,
And only in breaking learn to be still.

HELIOTROPE.



WEETEST, sweetest Heliotrope !
In the sunset's dying splendor,
In the trance of twilight tender,
All my senses I surrender,
To the subtle spells that bind me :
The dim air swimmeth in my sight
With visions vague of soft delight ;
Shadowy hands with endless chain
Of purple-clustered bloom enwind me ; —
Garlands drenched in dreamy rain
Of perfume passionate as sorrow
And sad as Love's to-morrow !
Bewildering music fills mine ears —
Faint laughter and commingling tears —
Flowing like delicious pain
Through my drowsy brain.
Bosomed in the blissful gloom —
Meseems I sink on slumberous slope
Buried deep in purple bloom,
Sweetest, sweetest Heliotrope !

Undulates the earth beneath me ;
 Still the shadow-hands enwreath me,
 And clouds of faces half defined,
 Lovely and fantastical,
 Sweet — O sweet ! — and strange withal,
 Sweeping like a desert wind
 Across my vision leave me blind !

Subtler grows the spell and stronger ;
 What enchantments weird possess me —
 Now uplift me, now oppress me !

Do I feast, or do I hunger !
 Is it bliss, or is it anguish !
 Is it Auster's treacherous breath
 Kissing me with honeyed death,
 While I sicken, droop, and languish !

Still I feel my blood's dull beat
 In my head and hands and feet ;
 Struggling faintly with thy sweetness,
 Heliotrope ! Heliotrope !
 Give me back my strength's completeness.
 Must I pine and languish ever !
 Wilt thou loose my senses never !
 Wilt thou bloom and bloom for ever,
 O Lethean Heliotrope !

.
 Ah, the night-wind, freshly blowing,

Sets the languid blood a-flowing !

I revive ! —

I escape thy spells alive !

· · · · ·
Flower ! I love and do not love thee ;

Hold my breath, but bend above thee ;

Crush thy buds, yet bid them ope ;

Sweetest, sweetest Heliotrope !

THE COAT.



ERCURIUS wove a coat
Of the finest thread of wit ;
“ Wear it,” he said to his jesting friends,
“ You whom the coat may fit.”

Now he to whose lot it fell
Sore-envied all the rest,
For strange to say it gave the least ease
To him whom it fitted best.

THE FAIRY TAPER.



ABOVE me all the stars of night
Thick clustering make the darkness bright ;
And in the darkling grass below

Shines out with swift, responsive glow

A tiny, steadfast, lucid ray ;

Anon as swiftly dies away.

Again it comes ; again it goes ;

And still with equal lustre glows.

— Now I bethink me 'tis the light

Of some sweet fairy of the night ;

A taper-flame of emerald hue

Put out by silver showers of dew !

But O the invisible hands that bear

The fairy candlestick in air, —

To see them strike the fairy light

And lift the flame in mortal sight,

To guide her hastening lover true

The forest of the grasses through !

Fall faster yet an fall you must,

Small dew that lays the fairy dust !

Oft as you quench her lovely light
This little lady of the night
Will still renew the gem-like flame
That hour by hour will burn the same ;
While lover fond and lady true
Defy the darkness and the dew !

“Who told you ? ” (whispered in my ear) :
A little Glow-worm told me, dear !

SONG.



O-MORROW has trouble to lend
To all who lack to-day ;
Go, borrow it — borrow, griefless heart,
An thou with thy peace wilt pay !

To-morrow has trouble to lend —
An endless, endless store ;
But I have as much as heart can hold —
Why should I borrow more !

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.



THE clouds are breaking — radiant scene !

Blue, blue as only heaven is blue —

The heaven that Heaven itself smiles
through

Unfolds its depths serene.

O fair as Hope the rainbow gleams

The tempest's angry frown above,

But lovely as the Face of Love

Yon revelation seems !

TO THE BLUE GENTIAN.



UNFOLD, O fairest Flower, and share
The benediction of this air
That softly floweth everywhere,
And blesseth most the things most fair !

Twice welcome flowers when flowers grow few ;
Thrice welcome, thou, of heavenly hue —
The rarest, tenderest shade of blue
That Earth's dear bosom ever knew !

The Golden Rod resigns his plume,
And all frail beauty seeks a tomb,
Bequeathing thee more ample room
Wherein to set thy fairer bloom.

Unfold, thy gentle right to claim,
O Flower of softest tint and name !
Thy bashfulness delays like shame,
Yet lovelier makes thy lovely fame.

To exile only half-resigned,
Her locks with violet-memories twined,
Departing Summer turns to find
How fair a thing she leaves behind.

And since the Summer henceward flies,
Thou, darling of these lonely skies,
The dearer art to human eyes,
Unfolding as a sweet surprise !

THE LOVELY SLEEPER.



O sleep's soft vapors make
This glory round her head?
What angels would not Heaven forsake
To watch so fair a bed!

Ye starriest and most pure,
Descend in hushed array!
Yet, nay! lest ye should come to lure
This purer one away!

IN AUTUMN.



THE cool, bright days,
The calm, bright days,
With their liberal-hearted noons !
The clear, still nights,
The restful nights,
With their greatening harvest-moons ;
And the ghostly rustle of withered corn
Plucked of its ivory ears and shorn
Of the floating fringes that tossed and swayed
When the ripening summer' zephyr played
Through the ranks that shone in the summer morn —
The beautiful corn !

The golden days ! the golden days !
Warm with sunshine and dreamy with haze ;
Warm with the sunshine and cool with the breeze !

Like troops of tropical butterflies
Clouds of leaves from the gorgeous trees

Flutter and fall,

And cover the earth with splendid dyes

Matching the marvels of sunset skies.

Swell beyond swell the hills uplift —

The hills serene ;

Slope beyond slope they ebb away

Into the distance azure-gray ;

And over them all,

Through veils of amethyst vaguely seen

Magical lights incessantly shift,

Moved by the wonder hands of Day —

Over the hills serene !

No ripple breaks

• The lucid lakes

Up from whose margins the gay banks climb —

Into whose deeps the shadows descend

Like sunken gardens in their prime,

Whose softly-pictured terraces end

In emerald grottoes where Naiads dream

While the unstirred rushes over them stream.

From the woodbine draping the cottage thatch
The wandering winds as they pass,
Tenderly, one by one, detach
Leaves of crimson that flame in the sun :
 One by one,
Slowly downward they waver, and twirl,
And alight on the trampled grass.
Day by day the vine-leaves curl
Revealing the heavily-hanging grapes
In tempting clusters of rarest shapes,
 That out of the heart of summer grew ;
Dusky-purple and amber-white,
Warmed in the nooning and cooled in the night,
 Mingled of honey, and sunlight, and dew.
The breeze through the orchard-alley sweeps,
And russet-brown leaves in dusty heaps
 Eddy and whirl ;
And russet-brown apples, and rosy-cheeked,
Fall from the ruddy half-rifled bough,
 Strewing the grassy patch
 With its footpath trail below,
Where the bare-headed, sun-burnt farmer's girl
Gathers the fairest and leaves the rest
For the gold-brown bee in his honey quest,
And the zealous ants that busily swarm
Over the bruises mellow and warm ;
While chicks full feathered and yellow-beaked

Roam in the sunshine and leisurely scratch
For the helpless worm withdrawing its coil
Lazily into the loosened soil.

Streaming in at the wide barn door
Warm lies the sun on the well-worn floor
Scattered with wisps of straw and grain
From the generous wain.
Heaped high as the rafters the sweet-smelling hay
O'erhangs the bursting loft,
And a breath from the orchard croft
Stirs the loosened spears, and they drop away
Noiselessly-soft !

The mellow days ! the mellow days !
The brown seed ripens and bursts the pod ;
The brown seed ripens, the stem decays,
The black root rotting under the sod.
The lattice o'er-straggled by faded vines
Leans to its fall,
And here and there by the garden wall
And beside the late-neglected walks,
Amid blackened weeds and mouldering stalks,
Where the fly in his mail of emerald shines,
Flowers of garish beauty bloom
Like torches that flare at the mouth of a tomb.
Phantom of summer, silver fair,

Peacefully restless through the air
With the unseen currents that softly flow
Drifts the thistle-down to and fro.

The yellow days ! the yellow days !
Fields of stubble and naked ways !
 The year's last gold
 On the uttermost bough
 Flutters mournfully now !
The sumach that burned like the bush of old
 Is almost stripped of its fire ;
And trampled out by the rains that beat
The sodden paths with their million feet ,
 The last bright hues expire !

“VIVE LA REINE.”



WITH the Robin for poet-laureate,
And the May-flowers for her train,
And her innocence for her robe of state,
The baby began her reign.

The pretty head with its curly crown
Knows nothing of royal woes ;
For love is softer than eider-down,
And yieldeth her sweet repose.

There are loyal and loving hearts alone
In the wee one's fair domain ;
And they make the Robin's song their own,
For he singeth, “Vive la Reine !”

GOOD NEWS !



BEE flew in at my window,
And circled around my head ;
He came like a herald of summer-time,
And what do you think he said ?

“ As sure as the roses shall blossom ” —
These are the words he said —

“ As sure as the gardens shall laugh in pride,
And the meadows blush clover-red ;

“ As sure as the golden robin
Shall build her a swinging nest,
And the captured sunbeam lie fast-locked
In the marigold's burning breast ;

“ As sure as the water-lilies
Shall float like a fairy fleet ;
As sure as the torrent shall leap the rocks
With foamy, fantastic feet ;

“ As sure as the bobolink's carol
And the plaint of the whippoorwill
Shall gladden the morning, and sadden the night,
And the crickets pipe loud and shrill ;

“ So sure to the heart of the maiden
Who hath loved and sorrowed long,
Glad tidings shall bring the summer of joy
With bursting of blossom and song ! ”

A seer as well as a herald !
For while I sat weeping to-day,
The tenderest, cheeriest letter came
From Lionel far away.

Good news ! O little bee-prophet,
Your words I will never forget !
It may be foolish — that dear, old sign —
But Lionel's true to me yet !

ROSE AND THORN.



HEARD Philosophy sigh,
“No rose is without its thorn ;”
And Faith made sweet reply,
“Of thorns are the roses born !”



II.

WOMAN.

1862.



S though no shade of human wrong fell
darkly on their beauty,
And all men walked in brotherhood the
shining ways of duty,
The blessed summer days glide by in calm and sweet
succession ;
God writes on Nature's palace-walls no curse against
oppression.

The strong man arms him for the fight ; he hears the
bugle calling ;
And while between the patriot-shouts her tears have
time for falling,
Pale woman plies the threaded steel, nor shapes her
lips to singing,
But still with every stitch she draws the pearls of
prayer is stringing.

She thinks of those whose wounds are fresh ; of those
 in death-sleep lying,
Whose brows of youth and manhood won their bright-
 est crowns in dying ;
She thinks of others brave and true, hid in the smoke
 of battle,
Where bayonets gleam, and cannon roar, and bullets
 hiss and rattle.

She shudders while the words of fate along the wires
 are chasing,
Or trembling waits the hurried line some comrade
 may be tracing ;
Her heart grows faint ; she lifts her hands in an-
 guished imploration :
“ God save my soldier ! ” first she prays, and then,
 “ God save the nation ! ”

And when she moans : “ The very thought of loss
 doth overcome me ! ”
Crying : “ If it be possible, O, let this cup pass from
 me ! ”
God chides her not if, choked with sobs, she adds to
 her petition
But brokenly Christ’s after-words of meekness and
 submission.

He saw her pale with victory in the dark hour of
trial,
When Self lay slain, and sorrowing Love was fettered
with denial ;
And the Divine One who alone can clearly read the
human,
Traces the Hero's autograph though tear-blots of the
Woman.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

1865.



REST, rest for him whose noble work is done ;
For him who led us gently unaware
Till we were readier to do and dare
For Freedom, and her hundred fields were won.

His march is ended where his march began :
More sweet his sleep for toil and sacrifice,
And that rare wisdom whose beginning lies
In fear of God and charity for man :

And sweetest for the tender faith that grew
More strong in trial, and through doubt more clear,
Seeing in clouds and darkness One appear
In whose dread name the Nation's sword he drew .

Rest, rest for him; and rest for us to-day
Whose sorrow shook the land from east to west

When slain by Treason, on the Nation's breast
Her martyr breathed his steadfast soul away.

O fervent heart ! O cool and patient head !
O shoulders broad to bear all others' blame !
Mercy disguised herself beneath his name,
And Justice through his lips like Pity plead.

His truth could snare the wiliest of the earth ;
His wit outweigh the ponderous debate ;
By sneers unvexed, in triumph unelate,
He stood our chief in place, our chief in worth.

Behold. O kingdoms of the world, behold
O mighty powers beyond the swelling wave,
How fast as rain on his untitled grave
The tears of millions mingle with the mould !

Such love a prince might crave, such homage seek ;
The people's love that clothed him like a king.
The grateful trust those hands were swift to bring
Whose broken fetters of deliverance speak.

Four years ago unknown — to-day how dear !
Four years that tried him with a century's strain,
While Treason led his wretched hosts in vain
And turned Assassin when his doom was near.

Four little years whose space a thought may span ;
A niche in Time's vast hall where he doth stand,
To win applause in every age and land,
"The noblest work of God — an HONEST MAN."



III.

ALL IN ALL.



H, can we see or can we hear
The streams of Being flowing clear,
That day by day, and year by year,
In lesser being swift appear?

God hideth all — Himself most dread
In light and silence garmented.

The shining days His records keep ;
The nights His scattered splendors reap ;
His crystal chamber is the deep ;
His Self-thrown shade createth sleep.

Hills at His touch give flame for flame ;
The sea's soft thunders roll His Name.

He walks the viewless waves of air ;
The wild beasts, listening in their lair,
With singing birds His bounty share,
And all things living crowd His care.

He knoweth neither great nor small
Whose All is Love, whose Love is All !

Fair round His feet the flocks repose ;
He breathes, and desert springs uncloze ;
The mountain drops its crown of snows ;
The wilderness reveals its rose ;
Even the senseless rock is drest
For joy of Him in mossy vest.

He is not to these mortal eyes,
And yet *He is !* the glad Earth cries
Exulting with exultant skies :
He is ! the thankful spirit sighs,
Nor darkening space divides for Him
The sons of men from Seraphim.

Unseen He breaks the daily bread
Wherewith our living souls are fed ;
We know not when He lifts our head,
Nor how the heart is comforted.
We only know the cloud of sin
From His pure Presence shuts us in.

He speaks ; — our hearts within us burn ;
In their unrest we slowly learn
The sweet constraint of our return
To Love that for its own doth yearn.
From Him we came — to Him we go ;
Life ebbs for Life's Eternal Flow.

QUICKEN THOU ME.



THE thorn is budding into life again.

The quickened vine puts out its tender
shoots.

The warm, warm sunshine, and the cool, cool rain
Feeding their hidden roots.

Sweet Spirit, entering where no eye can see,
Reach this poor heart in all its waiting need,
And like the thorn and vine my life shall be
When Thou its roots dost feed.

THE DIVINE LOVE.



PATIENT GOD, whom men forsake,
All-kind, all-gracious as Thou art,
How soon our faithlessness would break
A human heart !

How vast must be the Love so strong,
Its yearning, O how fathomless,
That sin prolonged should yet prolong
Thy tenderness !

Though we may slight that Love with doubt,
Thy paths of sweet commandment spurn,
Thou wilt in nowise cast him out
Who would return !

The uttermost Thy Love doth reach ;
And O the pathos of its cry,
All humbled to our human speech : —
“ *Why will ye die ?* ”

Were not Thy wide compassion more
Than even all the powers of sin,
These feet would never find Thy Door,
And enter in.

We see Thee as the suffering Christ
With Cross and Passion bowèd down ;
Earth's meanest things for Thee sufficed,
And Sorrow's crown,

If only famished souls might flee
Life's husks for Love's Eternal Feast,
And all might dwell in bliss with Thee, —
The very least !

“ Lord, we repent ! ” . . . “ Lord, we believe ! ” . . .
And Thou acceptest even this ?
And faithless wanderers wilt receive
With heavenly kiss ?

O Love ! — we sink from Thine embrace
Thy feet to kiss for evermore !
The humblest is the fittest place
When souls adore !

AS THOU WILT.

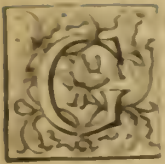


It is so sweet to live
My little life to-day,
That I would never leave it, if
I might forever stay! —
I sometimes say.

I am so weary, Lord,
I would lie down for aye,
Could I but hear Thee speak the word:
“Thy sins are washed away!” —
I sometimes say.

The better mood that lies
These moods between midway,
Comes softly, and I lift my eyes:
“Lord, as Thou wilt!” I pray;
And would alway.

GOD'S SILENCE.



OD'S Silence ! Holiest speech that is,
Is but a dew-fall out of this ;
And human Love's own tongues of bliss
But broken language caught from His.

Why should we question, though our cry —
“ Lord hear me — answer, or I die ! ” —
Seems echoed from an empty sky ?
He hears — He answers. utterly.

“ Lord, answer ! ” And with shuddering breath,
As those already doomed to death,
We wait for Him who rescueth
The very bird that perisheth.

O sword of doubt, two-edged with pain,
That cuts the quivering heart in twain !
As if His Love could ever wane !
As if our cry could be in vain !

His Silence ! once, indeed, it brake
With Love's great stress, when He did take
A mortal guise for Love's sweet sake,
And spake as never mortal spake.

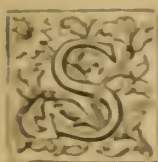
Since He his own Divine did blend
With Human in that Saviour-Friend,
That we enough might comprehend
His Love, to trust Him to the end ;

And, guided by His perfect care,
Find all dark places everywhere
Wind upward, a celestial stair
To Love's own heights, divinely fair ;

He must forever bless ; and aye,
At the dear break of Heaven's sweet day,
Wipe all earth's bitter tears away,
And give us more than heart can pray !

O, should He speak, and could we guess
That Tongue of Infinite Tenderness,
His Silence still would more express
His Love's unspeakable excess !

" PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL."



WEET grows the world to-day and fair,
Seen through the Spring-time's lovely
sheen —

A tender mist of golden-green,
That veils the earth and fills the air.

And lightly, softly blows the breeze,
With blossom-odors interblent,
And interwoven with their scent,
The murmurous hum of golden bees.

And mingling with their braided balm,
A voice of dreamy sweetness near,
Half sings, half sighs, in plaintive cheer,
A strain that linketh calm with calm.

On Nature's heart mine own I rest ;
" Peace, troubled soul," she soft entreats :
" Peace, troubled soul," the voice repeats,
In the low psalm that suits me best.

And through the mist of faith I see
A vision fair of ONE who stands
And stretches out His piercèd hands,
Saying, "My peace I give to thee."

IN THE GARDEN.



N this still garden in the cool of day

I often meditate : —

Should He who walked in Eden come
this way

And consecrate

This place of bloom with Presence passing fair

And robes that make more sweet this summer air !

Anon a Voice far off yet near I catch,

And question, — Comes He now ?

The virgin lilies that for Him keep watch

Do lowly bow,

And the meek grasses lowlier yet to greet

His soft approach and reverent kiss His feet.

But as for me who cannot see Him pass

Yet fain would feel Him near,

I bow me lowlier even than the grass,

In love and fear, —

Far lowlier than the lilies on their stem,

And through them press to touch His garment's
hem !

IN THE GARDEN.

More softly blows the summer wind to lift
His mantle's sacred fold ;
Through all the place sweet sighs and odors drift
Like bliss half-told ;
And in the fading west a single star
Trembles with rapture watching Him afar !

And O that I should see that star remote
Yet His near Glory miss
Wherein the sun itself and stars do float
As motes, I wis !
But since no man that Glory could abide
How should I dare lament the sight denied !

— Dark, hushed and dark, the garden round me
grows,
The folded flowers more sweet ;
I hearken long to hear Him where He goes
With noiseless feet,
Till the familiar place seems sad and strange
And Eden to Gethsemane doth change.

Through heavy silence falls the heavy dew,
Like sweat of sorrow wrung,
As if the bitter cup were filled anew
O'er which He hung,
Whose Love, all love transcending, overcame —
For us endured the Cross, despised the shame !

Albeit against That Presence passing by
 These mortal eyes are sealed,
I see This Other, like Him, standing nigh,
 To Faith revealed :
At His dear feet on consecrated sod
I cry like one of old : “ My Lord — my God ! ”

HID WITH CHRIST.



LESSED Lord, in me fulfill
Thy most sweet, most holy Will ;
From mine own that worketh ill
Rescue me !

Thou, O Christ, my covert made —
I, of sin alone afraid —
Keep me henceforth unbetrayed,
Hid with Thee !

There may self be crucified,
Dying, Lord, as Thou hast died,
That Thy Name be glorified
Even in me.

Sharp the pangs, but pangs are brief ;
Death of self is death of grief ;
Conqueror Thou of Conquerors Chief,
Smite Thou me !


Lying low, as 'Thou hast lain,
Victor, Victor yet again,
From the warring creature slain
 Raise 'Thou me !

Quickened with the Life Divine,
'Then indeed shalt 'Thou enshrine
(Love in LOVE !) this life of mine
 Hid with Thee.

Rest no joy of earth can bring,
Peace that takes from pain the sting,
Triumph over everything
 Not of 'Thee ;—

This, O blessed Lord, my gain,
Be the life no more to wane
Vocal with this one refrain :
 “ Praise to 'Thee ! ”

THE LOWEST PLACE.

OT that I may be chiefest, Lord,
But that I may obey
More closely Thy most sweet commands,
Teach me to serve, I pray.

Not that I may be honored more
Who am indeed the least,
I would the lowest place like one
Grace-bidden to the feast ;

But that Thy smile, my blessed Lord,
Might reach that lowest place,
And show me, though the last and least,
The fullness of that grace.

THE MONK OF LA TRAPPE.



WHAT abounding grace !

Of one we read

Whose piteous wound in lieu of speech did
bleed

(As if even Nature's self for him would plead) ;
Who mid his silent brethren silent went
Two weary years on prayer and labor bent,
Unmindful of his misery so he still
Shaped every deed and thought to God's dear will ;
Nor heeded he his bed of knotted straw
Whose vigils sore the Master only saw ;
Nor lookèd forward to the ashen heap
Whereon the dying brethren fell on sleep —
(Acquainting them or ere they joined the dead
With the poor kindred dust whereto they sped) ;
Nor fastings long, nor penance he relaxed ;
Nor less the body for the body taxed ;
Nor changed a whit the posture, or the face
That shone with calm while grew his woe apace.
Vain, vain the body's strife to turn aside
The purpose of the spirit sanctified !

In snatch of wretched sleep his chastened will
Restrained the groan, o'ercame the anguish, still ;
And if perchance that sleep his lips unsealed
Their words of peace his sharpest pangs concealed.

But when the oozing blood for him complained,
And half-betrayed his woe the raiment stained,
The quick-eyed Abbot bade the surgeon speed
Whose skillful hand might serve his piteous need.
Compassionate the sufferer they bound,
While wept the mute attendants standing round
As the bared back disclosed the blackening wound.
“ Thus bind him, fast ! ” the surgeon whispered low ;
“ Not else might he endure the mortal woe ! ”
While they through tears beheld the fearful sight
The poor monk raised a face of saintly light ;
“ Not of myself,” he said, “ but God is here
To hold me that I neither shrink nor fear.”
Then even as Death's own shadow in the cell
On him, on all, the wonted silence fell ;
Only a dripping on the floor of brick
As the sharp knife swift piercèd to the quick :
No shudder felt, no moan repressed betrayed
The spirit fainting or the flesh afraid.

“ O holy father, he must speak or die !
Command these lips to utter forth their cry ! ”

Implored the surgeon, with a whitening cheek.
“Speak, O my brother, speak ! I *bid* thee speak !”
With streaming eyes the pitying Abbot said —
As it were his own quivering flesh that bled !

The ashen lips almost a smile entranced,
And from the eye unearthly rapture glanced,
As his uplifted face like Stephen’s glowed,
And from his tongue an heavenly utterance flowed :—

“ My Lord ! my Lord ! that Thou should’st raise me
up,
And suffer me to taste Thy measureless cup
Of agony, and in some poor degree
Learn how all-measureless Thy Love must be !
O wondrous riches by the poorest gained !
O heights no rapture ever yet attained !
O depths beyond all human thought to reach !
Love passing knowledge as it passeth speech !
That I should see the glory of Thy Face
While yet vile clay in this despised place !
O all-transcending Love ! O matchless grace !
Thrice-blest this tongue that may forego its spell
Not of these pangs but of That Love to tell !”

Even as he spake back in their arms he fell,
And Death’s own radiance filled the narrow cell !

PASS LIGHTLY, EARTH.

“He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?” — Romans viii. 32.



PASS lightly, Earth, with all thy joy,
Yea, lightly pass with all thy grief;
Thy pleasantness and thine annoy,
Why should we brood on things so brief!

Why waste the longing or the tear
That Heaven alone can fill or claim!
All that hereafter will be dear
Is gathered in one precious Name:

Love that can never know decay;
Joy that will never tire nor wane;
Rest that will grow more sweet for aye
Through deep forgetfulness of pain;

All satisfaction purely sought;
All consolation long delayed;

The bliss unuttered and unthought
For which we hungered here and prayed.

Jesus ! Thy Name is pledge of all —
All this and more than words can tell,
And we, whatever may befall,
Shall find hereafter *it was well*.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

“ My meditation of Him shall be sweet.” — Ps. civ. 34.



MEDITATION sweet, that makes
The midnight watch an hour of rest,
And brings, when fickle sleep forsakes,
A holier calm to hearts opprest.

Soft speaking as to one so near
That, kneeling, we might kiss His feet,
The Name above all names most dear
Our erst complaining lips repeat.

Our griefs that Christ alone can guess,
Our doubts that Christ alone can know,
Flow out to meet His tenderness —
In tearful confidences flow.

For He who bore all sorrow, weighed,
Nailed to His own, each lesser cross ;
He knows the burden on us laid,
The secret pain, the hidden loss.

Touched with our woes, He lifteth up
The humblest follower in His train ;
He maketh sweet the bitter cup,
And death itself is blessed gain.

Thus in the lonely night we learn
To trust Him most as joys decrease,
And when our need is sorest turn
To hear His silence whisper, *Peace!*

THE FEAST-TIME OF THE YEAR.



HIS is the feast-time of the year
When hearts grow warm and home
more dear ;
When Autumn's crimson torch expires
To flash again in winter fires ;
And they who tracked October's flight
Through woods with gorgeous hues bedight,
In charmèd circle sit and praise
The goodly log's triumphant blaze.

This is the feast-time of the year
When Plenty pours her wine of cheer,
And even humble boards may spare
To poorer poor a kindly share.
While bursting barns and granaries know
A richer, fuller overflow,
And they who dwell in golden ease
Bless without toil, yet toil to please.

This is the feast-time of the year :
The blessèd Advent draweth near.

Let rich and poor together break
The bread of love for Christ's sweet sake,
Against the time when rich and poor
Must ope for Him a common door,
Who comes a Guest, yet makes a feast,
And bids the greatest and the least.

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS SERMON.



HILDREN dear, I heard ye say :
“ Morrows, haste and haste away ;
Bring the merry Christmas Day !

“ Blithest Carol, sweetest Chime,
Hearts that dance to peal and rhyme,
Welcome in the happy time !

“ Starry Tree, shine out anew,
Glittering as with golden dew,
Gay with fruits of every hue ! ”

This is what ye said, I trow :
Little children, hearken now
Ere ye pluck the freighted bough ;

Ponder what the Carols mean ;
What the Chime rung out between,
What the laden Evergreen.

“Glory be to God Most High!”
Sang His angels in the sky
When the Lord to men drew nigh.

“Peace on earth — good will and peace ;
Love shall reign, and wrong shall cease ;
He is born — the Prince of Peace !”

Just for love of us He came,
Took His sweetly tender Name —
JESUS ! stooped to our shame.

“I will save you,” — thus He said ;
“I am Life ; your life is dead ;
I will give you life instead !”

Little children, closest prest
To the loving Saviour’s breast,
Surely ye must love Him best !

This is love : — to do His will ;
Speaking truth ; forsaking ill ;
Bearing and forbearing still ;

Battling selfishness within
(Where He only sees the sin)
Till through Him at last ye win ;

Sorrowing over evil wrought —
Open deed or secret thought ;
Straightway doing as ye ought ;

Blessing all for His dear sake,
As His blessing ye partake ;
Happier, thus, His world to make.

This is love ; a service light,
Done with all your little might :
None shall fail to do it right.

Let your little hearts reply
To the angels in the sky :
“ Love shall reign eternally !

“ God is love forevermore ;
Love we Him, and Him adore
In the Christ-Child born of yore.”

Let your lives ring out His praise
Like a chime His finger sways :
Sweet as carols be your days.

Beautiful with holiness,
Let your daily deeds confess
In whose Name ye seek to bless.

This is what the Carols mean :
What the Chime rung clear between ;
What the bounteous Evergreen.

IMMANUEL.



ING, sweet bells of Christendom,
Everywhere the tidings tell
How the Lord to earth did come —
Ring and tell !

Swift to seek and save the lost,
More than merciful He came ;
Glad to pay life's bitter cost
Jesus came.

Prince of Peace, the Heavenly King,
As a mortal babe disguised
He appeared whom angels sing —
Earth-disguised.

Love Divine in human frame,
Of the lowly, lowliest He ;
Stript of glory, in His shame
Gloried He.

Empty-handed from His birth,
 Gifts exceeding price He brought ;
Treasures hidden not in earth
 Jesus brought.

To the blind, unclouded sight ;
 To the dumb, the voice of praise ;
And to all in darkness, light —
 Joy and praise.

To the poor, the Gospel's wealth ;
 To the rich, the spirit poor ;
And to all, His saving health —
 Rich and poor.

To the heavy-laden, rest ;
 To the mourner, words of life ;
And to all — the last and best —
 Endless life.

In the perfect path He trod,
 Still His footprints mark the way ;
Out to men and up to God
 Show the way.

Out to men in love that breaks
 Bread of charity with all,

And — thrice-blessed then ! — forsakes
Self for all.

Up to God in deeds like prayers,
In obedience to Him,
And in faith — love's altar-stairs
Reared to Him.

Ring, sweet bells of Christendom,
Far and near the tidings tell
How the Lord to earth did come —
Ring and tell !

Join, good Christians, east and west,
In Immanuel's endless praise,
And with deeds of mercy best
Show His praise !

Still the Christmas angels sing :
“ Glory be to God Most High ! ”
The eternal echoes ring :
“ God Most High ! ”

Lift your songs in unison :
“ Peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”
Mingle song and life in one
Wide “ *Amen* ! ”

MARY MOTHER.



MORE than royal Guest He lay
Where the gentle kine made way
For the Christ-child meek as they.

Knelt the Magi round His bed,
Bowèd low each proudest head ;
Mary Mother ponderèd.

Gold and frankincense and myrrh
They the wise and great confer ;
Jesu mild looks up to her !

What her gift? Than nothing less !
O that she might crown and bless
Him whom kings shall King confess !

Piercèd as with woes to come
At His feet her soul lies dumb,
Love, of all she hath, the sum !

— Blessed among women, thou
Who, exalted most, dost bow
Lowliest among the low !

THE NATIVITY.



ENEATH the dark, expectant skies, while
crowded Bethlehem slept,
Their sleeping flocks in quiet fields the faithful
shepherds kept,
When round about them, suddenly, there shone a
glorious light,
And in the midst an Angel stood, majestic and
bright.

What mortal eye could look undazed ! what mortal
ear could hear
The voice most sweet, most terrible in sweetness,
without fear !
While on the wide Judean hills the reverent winds
were stayed,
Prostrate the humble shepherds fell, for they were
sore afraid.

“ Fear not ; behold, I bring you joy ! ” the Angel
spake and smiled ;

“ To you this day in David’s town is born the promised Child ;
A Saviour, even Christ the Lord, and this shall be the sign —
Ye in a manger lowly laid shall find the Babe Divine.”

And with the Angel, lo ! a host of shining ones was seen,
Chanting, “ All glory be to God, as it hath ever been ;
Glory to God, on earth be peace, and unto men good-will,”
They sang, in splendor vanishing, and all grew dark and still.

Amazed the shepherds heard, and rose, and made with haste their way
To where, within the stable walls, the world’s Redeemer lay ;
Nor wider space, nor fairer place, had earth to spare for Him
Whose Throne from everlasting burned, rayed round with seraphim.

While softly raining out of heaven, in silver cadences
Flowed down those sweet angelic strains proclaiming joy and peace,

Her rapture swelling into tears, the trembling Mother
bent
Above her Child, her Holy One, in awe and wonder-
ment.

And if a cloud of radiance filled the consecrated
place,
That cloud was darkness in her eyes, long-dwelling
on His face ;
Her transcèd vision scarce withdrawn when the glad
shepherds came,
Beheld the Babe and glorified the One Eternal Name.

And was the Word, indeed, made flesh? O Everlast-
ing Lord !
O Prince of Peace ! O Mighty God, forever-more
adored !
Who, reckoning unreckoned bliss, cast all His glory
by,
When from the prison-house of sin He heard the cap-
tive cry !

O Love, that no created love can ever comprehend,
Outreaching life's dark uttermost, bounding the end-
less end ;
That condescended to the low from Height above all
height,

And, bosomed in a blameless Babe, brought into
darkness light!

Wherever Christmas bells shall chime, and Christmas
cheer go round,
Be grateful joy — not heedless mirth — in every
dwelling found ;
While Faith unveils her throbbing breast, and close-
lier folds within
The Holy Child whose sinlessness hath answered
once for sin.

The humblest home that He may find, the poorest
heart of earth,
Not meaner is than Bethlehem's stall, made fair by
Jesus' birth ;
And light more marvelous shall stream into that
house of clay,
Abiding and abounding more unto the perfect day.

Comfort to answer all desire and soothe the sharpest
pain,
A rest to weariness, and ease to such as do complain,
Bread to the hungry, and to them that thirst a living
well,
The Saviour with His neediest ones doth most
delight to dwell.

He honoreth not the place of pride, but seeketh
 lowly doors,
And love, the sweet return of love, is all that He
 implores ;
The love that, waiting on His word, doth evermore
 increase,
And magnify in daily life the angels' song of peace.

Wherever Christmas greetings flow, and Christmas
 cheer goes round,
Let charity in gracious deeds and gracious thoughts
 abound ;
And Zion, garlanding her gates, put on her glad
 array,
And celebrate with psalms of joy Immanuel's natal
 day.

O Christ, Most High ! Incarnate God ! Meek Babe
 of Bethlehem !
To whom all angels cry aloud, Thy glory shadowing
 them,
Hear, through the praise of heaven, the praise of Thy
 redeemèd earth
Whose desert places yet shall sing for joy of Jesus'
 birth !

THE HOLY CHILD.



ARE you thinking, dear child,
Of Jesus the Lord when He was a Child,
And blessed Mary the Mother mild

With heart love-troubled and eyes intent
So tenderly watched Him as He went,
Beyond all innocence innocent,
On holy and unguessed errands bent?

Are you dreaming, dear child,
Of the heavenly mien of that Wonderful Child ;
The look He wore when He spake or smiled ;
The healing balm of His touch and tear ;
The sweet voice, marvel to every ear ;
That drew all the children far and near
(Because it was Love's and love is dear)?

Are you longing, dear child,
To be like the Lord when He was a Child ?
Remember : the Christ-Boy undefiled,

So meek and lowly, so reverent,
Yet filling the wise with wonderment,
And crowned with all favor as He went,
Was, first and last, *obedient*.

HYMNS FOR LENT.

I.



FROM feasts that perish turned aside
A little space,
Oh ! be the flesh indeed denied ;
Our souls, an-hungered, satisfied
With the sweet feast of grace !

Thou Who didst fast so long, so sore,
For our poor sake, —
All pangs of earth's vast hunger bore,
Ere Thou Thy precious Blood did'st pour,
Thy blessed Body break —

O Holy Jesu ! hear our cry,
And give us strength
For love of Thee to mortify
The love of self till self shall die,
And leave us Thine at length !

II.

IN THE DESERT.

In the lone desert of my own despair,
 Robed in the sackcloth of unfriended grief,
With tears no eyes of earthly love can share,
 My stricken soul implores of Heaven relief.

The scorching sand beneath my naked feet,
 And penitential ashes on my head,
I hear a Voice that calls me, heavenly sweet,
 And the soft coming of a Stranger's tread.

Low kneeling in abasement, I can feel
 A hand of pity gently seeking mine,
A breath of tender mercy o'er me steal
 From Human lips whose language is Divine,

"Arise !" He saith, and lo ! His word doth
 raise ;

 "Be whole !" He saith, and lo ! His word
 doth heal ;

Prostrate again I fall, but now in praise :

 "Lord, at Thy feet forever let me kneel."

EASTER-EVEN VIOLETS.



FOR Easter Day, O Lilies white,
Your shrinèd splendors keep !
But while the sweet, sad, waning light
Of Easter-Even fades,
Amid the sacred shades
Where Sorrow comes to weep, —
Nor weeps in vain
Since Hope is born of very Pain
(And Pain its pangs in joy forgets) —
There breathe your balm, sweet Violets !
Dear twilight-flowers whose lovely hue,
More tender than the tenderest blue
Yet not as purple sad, appears
Most like transformèd tears.

“ A little while ! ” ye seem to sigh ;
“ And yet a little while ! ” ye say ;
“ The stone shall noiseless roll away :
Unseen across the midnight sky

Twilight and Day-break run to meet!
Already angels throng the air,
And twain descending, kneel
 Veilèd in awe, at head and feet
Of that new tomb whose broken seal
The wondering Morning shall reveal
 And, "He is risen!" declare.
Sweet odors — sweeter than the sweet
Of violets and lilies blent,
The sweet of holy slumber spent —
 Stealing from vesture folded fair
And fragrant with the Lord's own care,
Wherein His Blessed Body lay
Till break of day,
 Shall make most sweet the graves of those
Who entering into Paradise,
 Do sleep in Him Who died and rose —
In Whom they, too, shall rise."

CAROL.



WITH flowers we crown His altar fair,
For Christ's own morning breaks,
And earth of Easter-tide aware
To song and bloom awakes.

CHORUS. The day of days is the Easter Day ;
The Church puts on her white array
For Christ hath filled the very tomb
With Easter light and Easter bloom.

His love o'er loveliest things of earth
Symbolic beauty throws ;
The Resurrection shadows forth
In every flower that blows.

CHORUS. The day of days, etc.

These flowers their mission sweet fulfill
And in their sweetness die ;
But Easter hopes, unfolding still,
Climb flower-like up the sky.

CHORUS. The day of days, etc.

O Easter Day that yet shall be,
Whose splendors shall not fail;
Thy deathless bloom the Church shall see
Beyond the rended veil !

CHORUS. The day of days, is the Easter Day ;
The Church puts on her white array ;
For Christ hath filled the very tomb
With Easter light and Easter bloom !

EASTER DAY.



DAWN of dawns, the Easter Day
Far and wide in splendor breaks ;
Darkest shadows flee away
Where it breaks !

Veilèd in its vernal light,
Christ, the Light of Light, arose ;
From the grave's unbroken night
He arose.

Though beneath the Cross He fell,
Though upon the Cross He died,
Led He captive Death and Hell
When He died.

Overcome, He overcame ;
Conquered, more than Conqueror lives ;
Crownèd King with Heaven's acclaim
Jesus lives !

Through the gates of sacrifice
He, the Victim, Victor went ;
Lo, His triumph lights the skies
Since He went !

Darker than the night our sin,
Silent as the tomb our life,
Still His glory enters in —
Light and life.

“ Rise and follow Me,” He saith ;
“ Love as I have lovèd you.
Rise to life that I through death
Won for you.”

Love that counts not sacrifice,
Keeping nothing back from Him,—
To such love must we arise,
Following Him.

As He laid His garments by
With the bondage of the grave,
Clothed in Love’s own Majesty
Left the grave —

Self, the earth’s most earthy dress,
Must we cast aside like Him,

And putting on His righteousness
Rise with Him.

He hath rolled the stone away
Through Redemption's might for us ; —
Dawn of dawns, the Easter Day
Breaks for us !

THE COMMON OFFERING.



T is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with holy care
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing,
The treasure our treasure must hold,
Or ever the Lord will take the gift,
Or tell the worth of the gold
(By the love that cannot be told).

Behold us, the rich and the poor,
Dear Lord, in Thy service drawn near
One consecrateth a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear :
Look, Master ; the love is here !

“LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.”



HE treasure hath alone
Whose goods the needy share ;
Who prays for others as for self,
His is the purest prayer ;
Most blest the righteous deed whereof
God only is aware.

LORD CHRIST ! in mercy bring
Our selfish ways to shame,
And make our hidden lives shine out
With holier thought and aim,
That we, and all who see their light,
May glorify Thy Name.

Free as Thy Love to us
Our fellow-love should be ;
Spread like an ever-plenteous feast,
And spread as if for Thee ;
Since Thou of all our deeds hast said :
“ Ye do them unto Me.”

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.



LOVE in Thy bosom hides,
O Thou Adored !
Faith at Thy feet abides,
Waiting Thy word.

Babes do behold Thy Face,
Saints press Thy Throne ;
Show me some humble place
Sinners may own :

Where sinks the song of praise
Hushed into prayer,—
Lest in melodious maze
They should despair :

Where Thy great glory dies
Leaving but light,—
Lest their bewildered eyes
Blindness should smite :

Where their confessions low
Thou wilt receive ;
Where mercy's stream must flow,
Since they believe.

There to their souls indeed
Rest they shall win ;
Fillèd their every need,
Cleansèd their sin.

— Lo, now a CROSS I see,
Streaming with grace :
Lord, it o'ershadows me !
This is the place !

A PRAYER FOR PATIENCE.



LORD, on these souls disquieted,
These hearts cast down in sore distress,
These lives whence all but pain seems fled,
Look with Thine utter tenderness!

Look on the love that fain would bide
Clothèd in patience at Thy feet,
And wait on Thee, albeit denied,
And find the very waiting sweet!

We know Thy healing, Lord, is sure,
Though sorrow wrings our cry ; *How long !*
That they are happy who endure,
Or, in Thy spirit, suffer wrong.

O, give us patience, even like Thine
(That waiteth our submission still) ;
And patient faith that shall divine
Love — only love — in all Thy will !

Love — only love — that soon or late
Bestoweth life no woes betide,
When faith itself shall cease to wait,
And patient souls be glorified.

A PSALM OF WEARINESS.



VERBORNE by journeyings far
Where no resting-places are,
Lured by visions of repose
That in fading mock my woes,
Saviour ! may Thy presence be
Unto me
As the shadow cool and sweet
Of a rock in desert heat.

Shelter of the shelterless,
Cover Thou my weariness ;
With Thy peace, a tent most fair,
Screen me from this earthly glare,
And Thy consolations shed
On my head,
Sweeter than the balm of sleep
When the eyes forget to weep.

A MORNING HYMN.



SWEET untroubled morning, bring
Untroubled peace upon thy wing,
And banish with the banished night
The fears that cloud thy clearest light.

Not more serene, if not more drear,
Will be the morrow for our fear;
While Doubt, sad spendthrift ! throws away
The golden coin of hope to-day.

O for the faith that goes to meet
The future with unshrinking feet,
Remembering that the sorest rod
Blooms with the patient love of God !

Dear Lord, Whose mercy veileth all
That may our coming days befall,
Still hide from us the things to be,
But rest our troubled hearts in Thee !

“IT IS I.”



“It is so hard !” I said,
And sat within and told my troubles o’er ;
A hand fell softly on my bowèd head,
Yet no one passed my door.

“A fancy !” then I said ;
“But O ! to feel that touch forevermore !
Methinks, indeed, I could be comforted !”—
And sorrowed as before.

“No other heart can know !”
Brake out my grief again with bitter cry ;
“And God is far — so far my faith lets go
Her hold on Heaven to die !”

Then some one stoopèd low,
His heart full-throbbing, as with tears, close by :
“Lord ! is it Thou so movèd by my woe ?”
He answered : “It is I.”

A GROUP BY TWILIGHT.



ROSY glow
Flushes the drifted snow ;
The snow that all day long
The wind has overswept,
Filling with sparkle-gusts the frosty air.
Within shade after shade has crept
Across the room, and silence follows song —
Silence that shrines an inarticulate prayer.

On the wide hearth the heaped and glowing coals,
Unstirred, unfed,
Quiver and redden in their ashy bed.
Toy-strewn the floor ;
The child amid his playthings dropt asleep
Since he can play no more.
The little hand that rolls
The polished marble holds it unawares
Shut in the tender palm ;
So one day he will keep
More conscious hold on cares
In sleep less calm.

Romance, sweet weaver, weaves her fancies bright,
Her flushed face radiant in the sunset light;
Whispers her dreams confidingly, and hears
Responses lost to wiser ears.

In the soft twilight Love with warm-claspt hands
 Speechlessly stands ;
Or, with a look more full than the fullest utterance,
 turns
 To the large star that burns
Above the fading splendors of the west,—
Shining like love — trembling with love's unrest.

Age, busy with old memories — pictures they
Of just such twilights ! — puts away
 The present for those hoarded treasures ;
Untainted by the touch of time,
By change of season or of clime
 Those pure, remembered pleasures :
Yet now and then slow tears — not Sorrow's —
Steal down the deep, deep furrows !

In farthest niche, in deepest shade,
One, unbetrayed
 By the first star-mist of the skies,
 Looks up in prayer unheard :
 Too frail the strongest word

That prayer to hold !
O lifted eyes
 Raining repentant rain ;
O hands that drop earth-hopes like gold
Whose touch has blistered ; O dumb heart of flesh
 Tortured by sinful throes,
Yet yearning toward the Christ Whose wounds
 For each and all thy woes
Do bleed afresh :
He hears — He hears ! Thy crying (not in vain,
Though human ear may list and catch it never,
 Nor Seraphim, nor Cherubim !)
 Thy crying has gone up to Him —
The loudest, weakest, saddest, sweetest of all
 sounds ! —
To Him Who died in love, and lives and loves forever

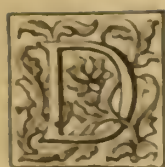
THE UNSPOKEN PRAYER.



PONDERED how to shape my prayer
I chose the words with pious care,
Lest with my lips I should betray
The wish my heart would hide away.

The thing I craved I dared not ask ;
Yet, like a face behind a mask,
That wish looked up through every word,
And it was answered, though unheard !

A VIGIL.



ARK shore, and desolate sky
Unquickened by a star ;
Sad sea where wandering sails are lost
In night afar !

No human presence sweet,
Nor other sound beside,
Save that to silence near akin —
The ebbing tide.

Only a lonely wreck
High on the lonely beach,
Whose hopelessness defies at last
The breaker's reach.

O Earth that keeps no watch,
O Heaven that lights no star,
HE is Who cares for every sail,
Each broken spar !

WHEN I AWAKE.



WHEN I awake shall I Thine image bear,
O Thou Adored?
The image lost, in some pure Otherwhere
O shall it be restored?
Already stealeth o'er my trembling soul
Some semblance sweet —
The wavering outline of the perfect whole
Thy Touch shall yet complete?

When I awake shall I indeed cast by
All earthly taint,
And walk with Thee in white, Thy white, on high,
As seraph walks and saint?
Through endless, blessed ages shall I know
Thy Will alone —
Its all-pervading, perfect motions grow
More than mine own mine own?

The glories that no vision can forestall
With crystal gleam ;

The peace, the rapture and the holy thrall
 Of Love that reigns supreme ;
The death of all that meaneth self and time ;
 The gain of Thee,
My Lord — my God ! the victory sublime
 When only Thou shalt be ; —

Thou all in all — all in Thy glory lost
 And all, all found
Dear beyond price ; no aspiration crossed ;
 Thou, only Thou our bound ; —
Shall I behold, receive, possess, attain
 All this and more
To tell whereof all tongues would strive in vain.
 In vain all language pour ?

O unconceived ! Thine own Divine surprise
 Prepared of old ;
Hid ev'n from faith-unsealed, enkindled eyes
 Till Thou shalt say : BEHOLD !
Life — Very Life ! God-Gift wherein are blent
 All gifts beside !
When I awake — O heaven of Heaven's content ! —
 I shall be satisfied !

